

The River of... TIME....



Time----Intangible, inescapable and silent, it is the powerful medium upon which the whole universe is directed, as it were on some great assignment. It is this irrepressible flow, which holds every creature captive from inception to decay.

Like a strong and mighty river, Time flows relentlessly forward, seemingly devoid of compassion and uncaring of the woes of the living creatures it carries along.

All life swims frantically in the froth of that torrent, each spark of existence, grasping at some hint of meaning, hoping to snag just shred of peaceful flotilla in the raging current.

Like amoeba they are microscopic in relation to the vastness of the universe, seemingly insignificant, assigned to the flow.

Each small cinder of life acts out the preprogrammed function of its existence; none having the ability to escape or the power to transcend that merciless river.

All life in this stream strives to manipulate and control to find meaning and fulfillment in the portion of foamy surge assigned to them.

Carried along midstream, not one day passes but that we don't yearn for the still and peaceful shore, but each one knows that we are hopelessly at the mercy of this river called Time.

Oh that we could know our fate, change our course; transcend the flow and escape the rapids. But . . .

Small, insignificant, tenuous and vulnerable, we are creations of the Master of the water. Our purpose is His, our meaning in Him.

Many struggle against the flood or attempt to attract enough insurgents to defy the Master. Theirs is a futile effort to carve the channel of the river of life to their own liking, for their own purposes. The torrent sweeps on, unending, undaunted.

Who then is worthy of a different course? Who shall find the restful shore? Who shall transcend this torrent of Time or on whose small and insignificant life will the Master take notice?

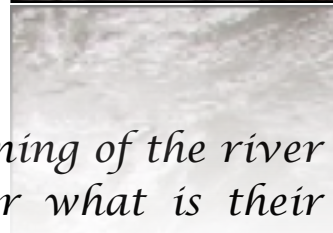
The secret is not in the water but in the purpose of the Master of the water. The rapids and foam hold meaning unknown to us. Created for our testing, charted for our destiny, the River of Time forms a proving ground that will ultimately determine our end, or beginning!

Those that resist the flow do so with vigor as if by some chance they might defy the river, win over the impossible and chart their own fate.

If only they knew that by their fervent opposition of the Master of the water they become blind to the passionate hope of His purposes.

Now, deprived of the real meaning of the course of the river, they are swept hopelessly onward toward the canyon of eternity. Still they bravely claim that they have the secret of life, able to control their own fate but not seeing the cataracts ahead.

Those who would desire to learn the meaning of the river will inquire of the Master of the water what is their purpose in the flow. To those, the Master will grant quiet water, calm reprieve and time to learn of the meaning of life.



To those who would look aloft and cry out for understanding, to those alone the Master grants knowledge of a bridge, a gift made exclusively available to those who seek Him.

Then these are the ones who, midstream amid the cries of the defiant, will find solace. Those who seek Him will alone experience His profound compassion.

Who among our finite brethren would have dreamed that life after Time would be attainable? Could we have dreamed that the shore of rest would be in reach from even the rapids of life or that our microscopic lives though minute are not trivial but part of a greater plan?

All that remains is to cast oneself on the Master of Time. Through that great Creator of the river of life we find meaning, purpose and a course to quiet water and restful shores.

A simple acknowledgement of our dependence on Him will result in a flood of truth upon our consciousness.

The spirit of the River Master will lead us to the bridge of life and through the rapids, away from the fatal cascades that destine our portion of the river of Time.



Each and every day the Master broods silently over His River. Aware of its fateful course, He longs to hear from the creatures He has created, that He may impart His life saving gift to them.

Come seek Him while He may be found. Call upon Him while He is near!

If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved.

For by Grace have been saved through faith and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God

For the Scripture says "Whoever believes on Him will not be put to shame."

For I know the thoughts I think toward you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope. The Masters name is.. JESUS

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